

The Case of the Forged Fissionables

I looked at the label -- and hastily lobbed the jar away from me. The alien looked askance ('askance' is one of the easier expressions to decipher) as it watched the jar make a lazy arc. "A problem?" it asked politely. I grimaced.

"Just a sudden surprise," I admitted. "The jar said 'Plutonium Butter' on it. I assumed that it was **real** plutonium."

The alien triple-blinked. "I *hope* that it was real plutonium. I paid the grocer enough for it."

Turned out the translator programs were mistranslating the word 'plum.' Deliberately. And **that** was what blew the smuggling case wide open.

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